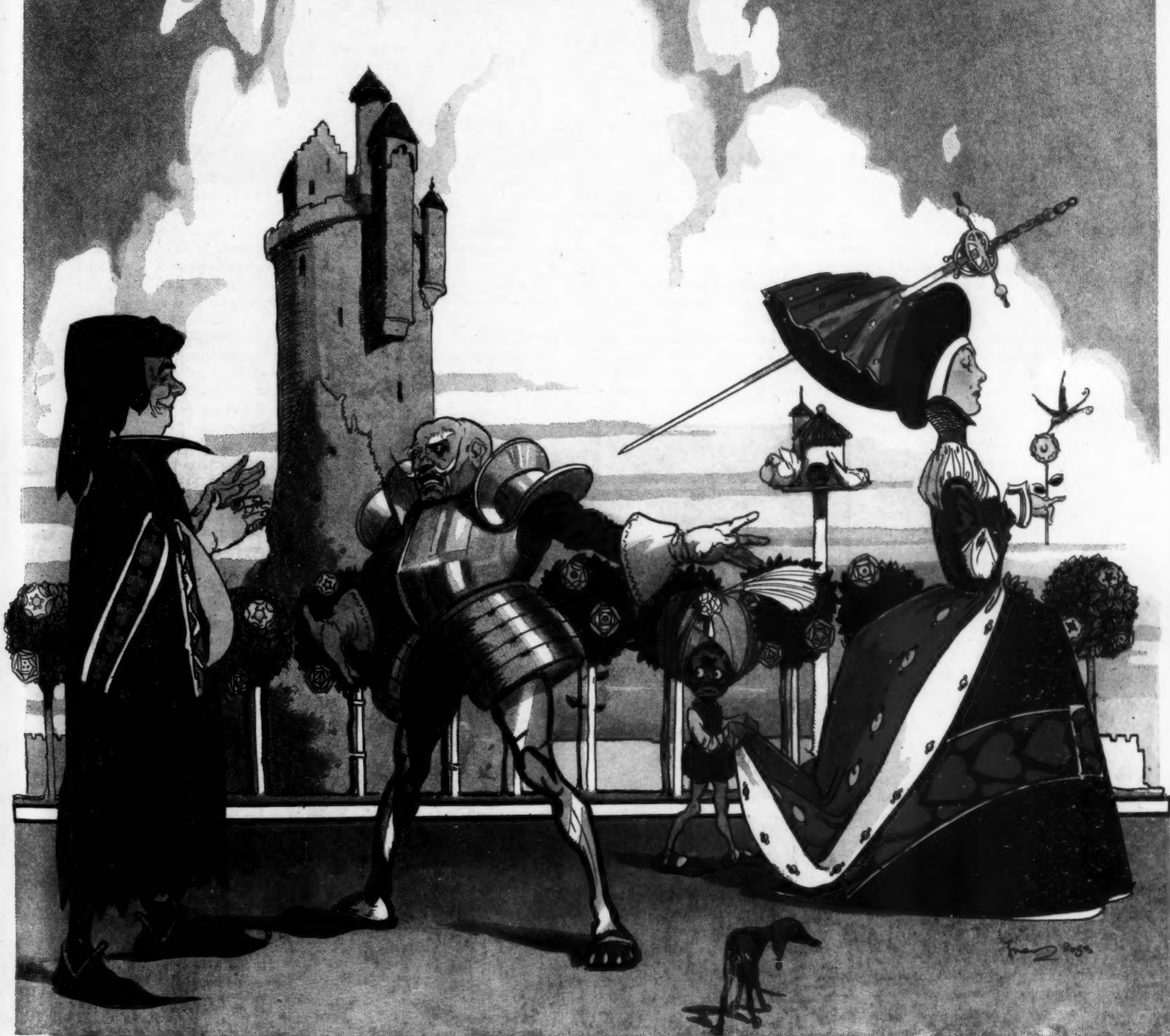


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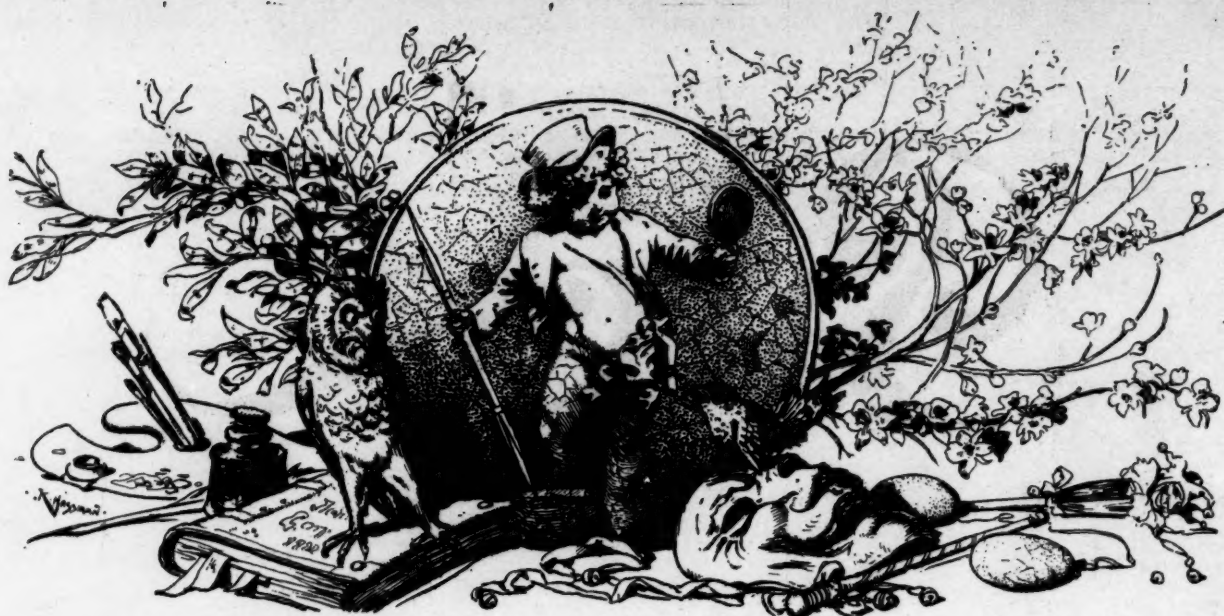
Puck



AS IT WAS IN 1400.

SIR BODIKINS.—Gadsobs! What aileth thee, Sir Ronald? Something seemeth the matter.

THE KNIGHT.—Matter! My wife hath swiped that long sword of mine—forged of Damascus steel—jeweled hilt—given me for bravery against the Saracens—and proposeth to use it for a hat-pin!



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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Cartoons and Comments

MAINE AND ELSEWHERE.

GEOGRAPHICALLY, the State of Maine could scarcely be classified "among the remotest parts of the earth," yet, after reading the platform of the Maine Republicans, in recent convention assembled, one reluctantly groups the Pine-Tree State with Thibet and Terra del Fuego. We had supposed until last week that the news of the day and the trend of the times filtered into Maine with tolerable regularity, but it seemeth not. Otherwise, how could the stalwart Maine Republicans have inserted in their platform such an outworn relic as this: "And we condemn the efforts of the Democratic Party to precipitate another general revision of the tariff and the consequent disturbance of business conditions"? The efforts of the Democrats, forsooth! Such well-known Democrats as CUMMINS, LA FOLLETTE, DOLLIVER, BEVERIDGE, BRISTOW, CLAPP, MURDOCK, and NORRIS, we presume. We don't think the Maine Republicans would intentionally do an injustice, even to a Democrat, so we will charitably assume that for their failure to give credit where credit undoubtedly was due the faulty workings of the telegraph and the uncertain Maine mail service were wholly responsible. The idea of condemning the Democrats, of charging them with a desire to lambaste the tariff again, when many of the staunchest supporters of the protective schedules, in the tariff tussle of a year ago, were scrupulously regular Democrats from Democratic States! If it had n't been for these "safe and sane" statesmen, the task of ALDRICH & Co. would have been even harder than it was. And yet—just look at that Maine platform! A whole lot of folks, we fear, will see in it only further proof that professional Republicans, the politicians who put platforms together, are suffering everywhere from an advanced case of rattles. They feel in duty bound to boost the Protective Tariff,

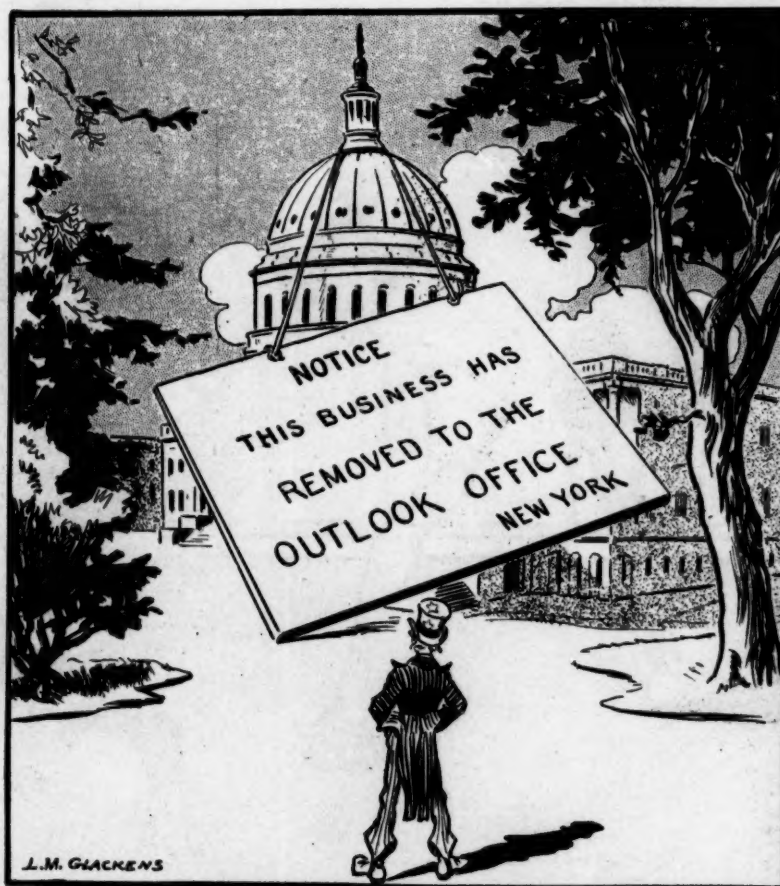
because they have done so, gloriously and with eloquence, for years; and they feel it equally their sacred duty to roast the Democrats—for have n't they done *that* for years, too? Now, when demands for a radical tariff revision come vigorously from Republican Senators and Congressmen, the old-school platform-makers are at a loss to know which side to take. With agitated pens in hand, they prove by their writings that such unquestionably is the case. Party platforms in future will mean even less than in the past, which is saying a good deal, but they will make excellent light reading for all who love humor.

IF THE American people will decide to stop forgetting, the Campaign Expenses Publicity Law may accomplish some good. The measure provides for the publication *after* election of the sources of campaign funds; it will assist the voters to vote right *after* the polls are closed.

All that is necessary to make the law a striking success is for a few million or so Americans to remember, in choosing Presidents, for instance, to bear vividly in mind what they were hot about four years previously, and then to stay hot and to vote hot. Of course, it would be much simpler and much better all around if the lists could be printed *before* election, and the American voter relieved of the necessity of remembering, but that, of course, too closely approaches horse-sense to be embodied in a law. In their private capacities the framers of the Campaign Expenses Publicity Law doubtless buy real-estate first and have the title searched afterward, when the deed is signed.

SOME Indiana Republicans believe that Col. ROOSEVELT, before the campaign is on in real earnest, will give a blanket endorsement to the TAFT administration.—*News from the Middle West.*

Let us hope it will not be a wet-blanket endorsement.



UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.



ROUGHING IT IN AN ADIRONDACK CAMP.

A MOLLYCODDLE LAY.

PRITHEE, Jack London, and others who've flooded
The market with novels of virulent vim,
Reeking with phrases and people "red-blooded,"
"Hairy and heavy and grimy and grim."
Prithee, we're weary of heroes gigantic,
Mighty young demi-gods out of the West,
Tell us of somebody near the Atlantic,
Someone with less than a fifty-inch chest.

Sing to us, also, of fluffy young ladies
Loving some heroes of moderate size,
Men who are n't far from the cities where trade is—
Shaggy young giants no longer we prize.
When you make heroes of people like we are
Somehow it makes us as proud as the deuce,
But when they're combined of Ulysses and "T. R."
We must ejaculate "Well, what's the use?"

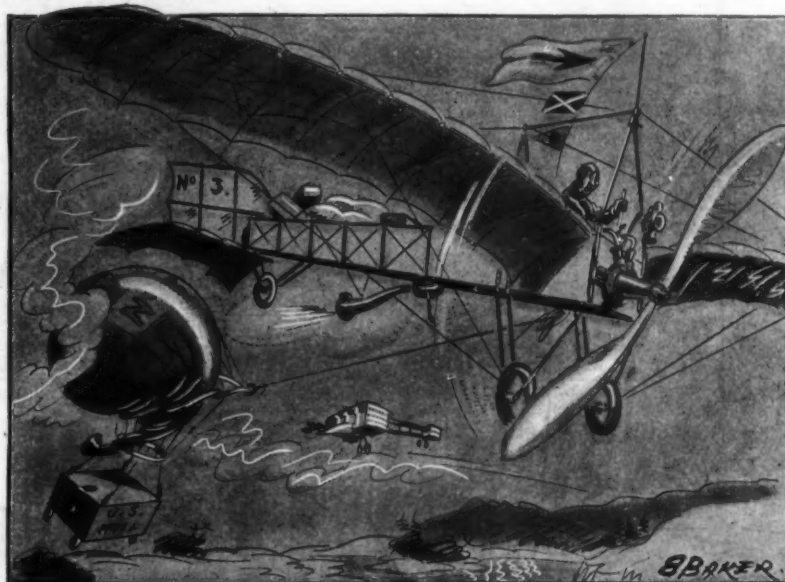
"Red-blooded" volumes have come in terrific
Torrents and rivers from many a pen,
Now that it's summer we long for pacific
Tales of good common-place people again:
Mortals who never fought bad men or sheriffs,
Meek-mannered persons we meet every day,
People who talk about drama and tariffs,—
As for the "Red Bloods"—aw, take 'em away!

Berton Braley.

AN inkling of how little he amounts to will a man get at his
wedding, if it be any kind of a wedding at all; but full
knowledge comes to him only when he is left alone in the house
with his first baby.

A SURE SIGN.

SKIDDERS.—I noticed to-day that McPneumatic, whose creditors
forced him to sell his touring-car, is on his feet again.
SPARKS.—How do you know he's on his feet?
SKIDDERS.—How? Why, I saw him riding in his new seven-
thousand-dollar auto.



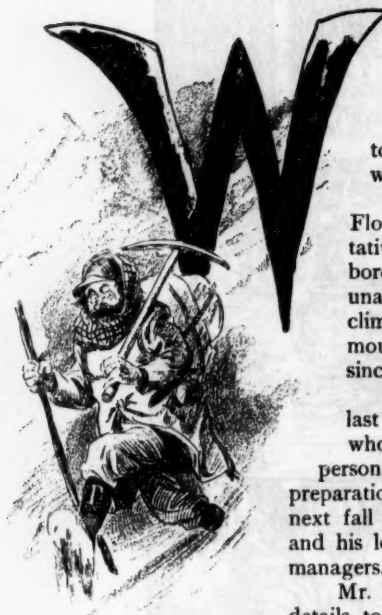
A FEW YEARS HENCE.

AEROPLANE PILOT (sweating from Albany to New York for \$1.25 a day).—
And to think that they used to get ten thousand plunks for this!

Being in Society seems merely to be meeting the same bunch of people
in different houses.

PUCK

THE PRESS-AGENT'S PERIL.



When the Press-Agent first lied, the newspaper printed this:

Charles Wainborough, the well-known actor, is lost in the Alps mountains, and it is feared he has been swept to a terrible death by one of the avalanches which infest that region.

Word has been received by Harold Flournoy, Mr. Wainborough's press representative in this city, to the effect that Mr. Wainborough left the village of H——, alone and unaccompanied, on the night of July 17, to climb the Boodlehorn and other well-known mountains. He has not been heard from since, and his whereabouts are unknown.

Mr. Flournoy expressed deep concern last night for the safety of the noted star, who is so well known alike for his pleasing personality as for his histrionic greatness. All preparations have been made for his appearance next fall in his new play, "The Alpine Lovers," and his loss would be a considerable blow to his managers.

Mr. Flournoy said he had cabled for further details to all the Swiss seaports, and would immediately make public all additional information which he might glean.

When the actor really died, the newspaper printed this:

Charles Wainborough, the actor, is dead again—the victim of his veracious and enterprising press-agent, Hal Flournoy, better known as "The Star-Killing Kid."

Wainborough is traveling incognito through China, and—according to Flournoy's typewritten announcement—he was stricken recently at Hankow with a dire, double-action disease, passing away within twenty-four hours. Translated from the press-agent's vernacular, that means that Mr. Wainborough, not the disease, passed away. His last words were: "Don't give up the show!"

Mr. Flournoy seemed to be a bit doubtful last night as to the exact malady which removed Wainborough from the Broadway firmament for all time—or, rather, for the fifteenth time. His ready imagination, however, quickly supplied "yellow fever," which was appropriate to the locality.

Flowers should be sent to the Gladsome Theatre on the evening of September 15, when Mr. Wainborough will open in his new romantic drama entitled "Her Chinese Sweetheart." It is understood that Mme. Palladino has consented to bring him back from the dead especially for the occasion.

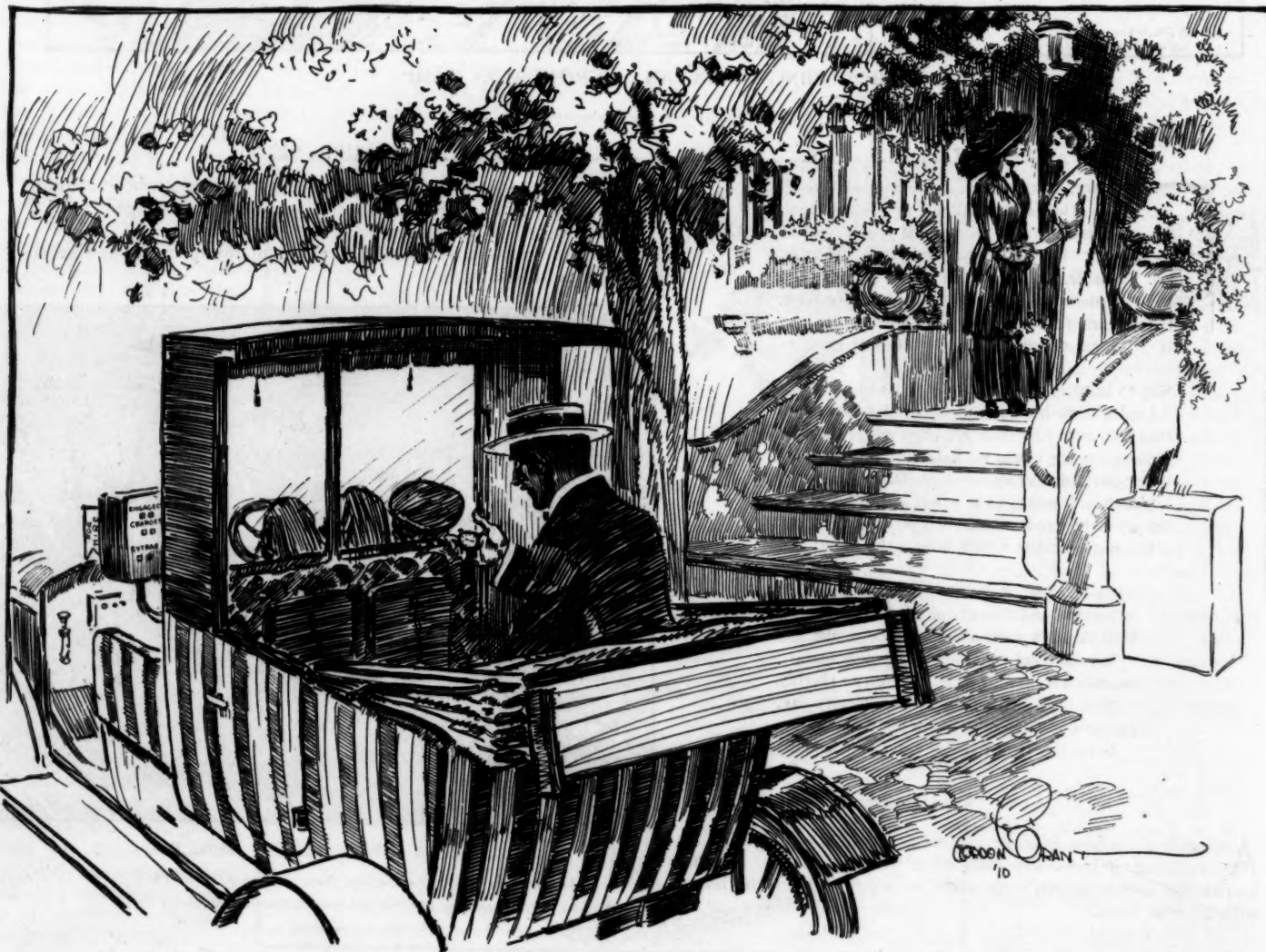
Chester Firkins.



AN ELECTRIC FAN.

SET 'EM UP.

WOGGS.—Does your son know the "setting-up" exercises?
BOGGS.—He ought to. That's all he did while in college.



THOSE LONG GOOD-BYS.

NEXT TIME HE VOLUNTEERS TO TAKE HIS FIANCEE CALLING, IT WON'T BE IN A TAXI.

PUCK



IN
THE
GRASP

With a roar and a hiss,
The wave seemed like this
To the timid young miss,
As it towered above her;

WHAT ROOSEVELT WILL DO.

FROM THE "STAND-PAT GAZETTE."—After a conference this morning at Oyster Bay, it was stated by one of the conferees that the former President had declared the Insurgents to be a bunch of undesirable citizens, and announced that he would take the stump for the Regulars, assisted by Senators Aldrich and Penrose.

FROM THE "INSURGENT JOURNAL."—Theodore Roosevelt is an Insurgent. He will break with Taft and go on a lecture tour with Senators La Follette and Cummins. This fact was learned to-day on the highest authority. The same person also stated that the Colonel intended to run again for President.



OF
THE
SEA.

But she found—when it came—
It was gentle and tame,
And it clasped her the same
As the arms of a lover!

FROM THE "PROHIBITION TIMES."—That he will run for President on the Prohibition ticket in 1912 is the determination of ex-President Roosevelt, according to reliable advices. Mr. Roosevelt has long been a bitter enemy of the drink traffic, and he believes that by running for President on the Prohibition platform he can easily stamp out the business. He will probably tour the Chautauquas this summer or next, speaking for temperance.

UNVARNISHED TRUTH.

"WHAT is 'hara-kiri'?"
"Oh, some kind of
Japanese hard finish."

FINE GRAFT.

"THE proudest boast of
the old-time robber
barons was that they never
robbed a poor man."

"Those fellows were
amateurs at the game," ex-
plained the great Captain of Industry, "and did n't
understand how much money there was in it."

ALMOST.

WILLIS.—Have they got the fire under control?
GILLIS.—Almost. There were twenty-five re-
porters and fifty newspaper photographers there when
I left.

SHOCKING FATALITY.

THEY picked him up tenderly, and a momentary silence
fell over the crowd as they made way for the
bearers of the body.

"What was the cause?" asked a curious person.

"He heard a Subway guard say 'Take your time,'"
explained the Man on the Spot.



EXCEEDINGLY SWELL.

TAILOR BIRD.—Will you kindly breathe naturally, sir? My time is
valuable and I don't want to make alterations in the suit.

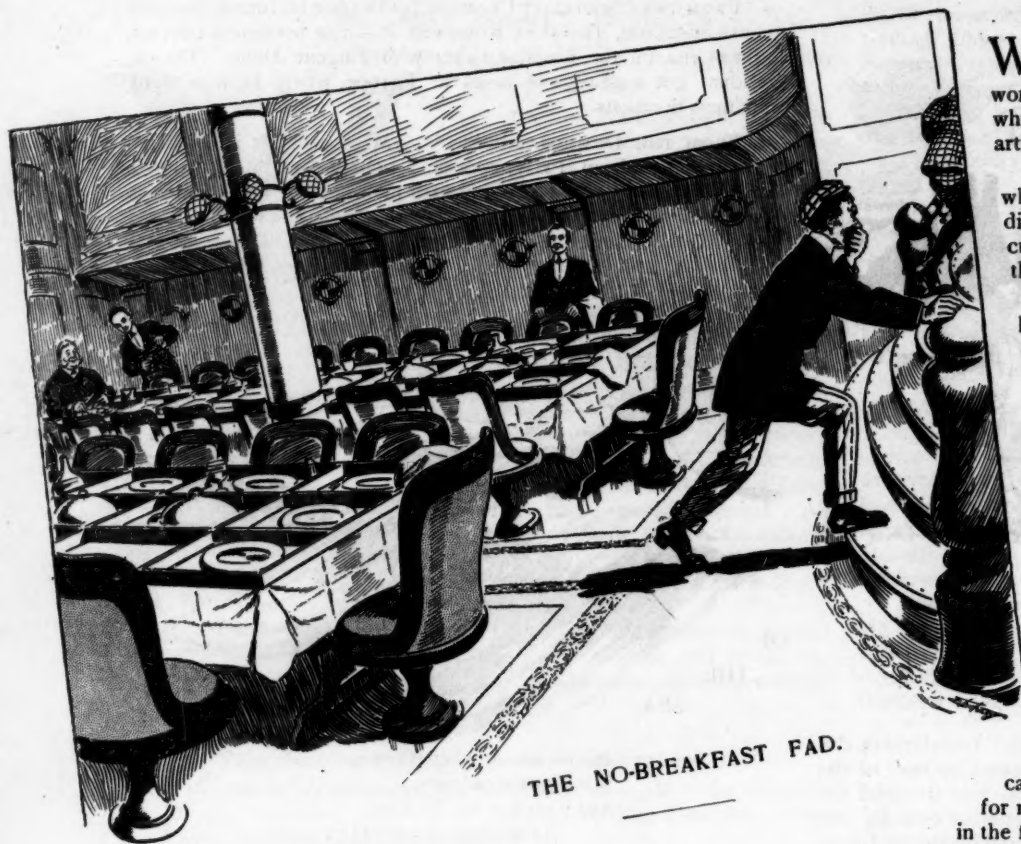
POUTER PIGEON.—That's the proper circumference, old scout; when
I told you I wanted a *swell* suit I meant it!



AWKWARD.

NEW TYPIST (absently).—How
do you spell that, please?

The man who knows what he is talking about usually knows better than to talk.



THE NO-BREAKFAST FAD.

HOOK-WUM PHILOSOPHY.

DEY says dat I'se a no-'count man. Dey says I got no 'scuse
A-litterin' up de lan'scape, en dey says I ain' no use.
De preacher says dat I'se so slow, it gwineter come
to pass
I'll be debbil's piece er punk, en las', en las',
en las'!
But ef dey lemme 'lone, I ain't a-ans'erin'
deir sass.

I kin wuk ef I'se a minter. I kin
wuk, er let it be,
But I got no call to pester wuk dat
does n' pester me.
I been a-watchin' wuk-folks while
I'se settin' in de sun,
En de mo' dey wuks, de mo' dey wuks.
Dey nuvver gits no fun,
'Caze what 's de use er doin' whut dey
nuvver does git done?

Dey says I got de hook-wum, en dey gwineter
fish me out,

But dese yeah hook-wum doctehs ain' so suah what dey 's about,
'Caze I know'd a whi' man one day git a misery inside,
En dese yeah hook-wum doctehs tuk en cut him froo de hide
En fished his wurmy outer him, en den dat whi' man died.

Whut 's dis yeah hook-wum did ter dem? Why ain' dey let
him be?

It is n't dem he 's eatin'; no suh, he 's a-eatin' me!
When dese yeah doctehs comes en says dey knows a pow'ful lot
Huccume dis hook-wum in me, en a-pintin' at de spot,
I tells 'em dis yeah hook-wum is de bes' frien' dat I got.

I is n' gwine ter chase him out. I ain' no such a fool.
Dey useter wuk me ev'y day des like I was a mule,
But now dey nuvver ax me, 'caze dey says I ain' no use;
Dey says I *cain't* wuk, caze dat wum is eatin' all meh juice,
En ef I lose dat hook-wum, wha' I git anudder 'scuse?

Edmund Vance Cooke.

TO MY LAUNDRYMAN.

WHEN marking my shirts, be sure to select the
center front, as it shows up better to the
world. Roman lettering is another point about
which I am very particular. I consider it more
artistic, and besides, I once lived in Rome (N. Y.)

If you *will* make ribbons of my night-shirts,
why not go a step further and dye each one a
different color? Thus all that I will need to pro-
cure, in order to give a May-pole dance, will be
the pole.

You forgot to knot the fringe on my cuffs
last week. If you have hitherto entertained any
doubt as to my being a "heavy fusser," now is
the time you should know.

My pink and blue pajamas came home to-
day a lovely mauve. I am now sending the blues
and yellows, and would suggest a rich bottle-
green, as I am pale and wear this color admirably.

In sending home a stack of fifteen shirts
and one collar be *sure* carefully to conceal the
one collar within the sleeve of the fifteenth
shirt—the one underneath. *I am a man of
mystery*, and when I have an engagement for
eight o'clock like to be found at the hour of one
A.M. pursuing the quest of the lonely collar!

I suppose that little two-by-four dog-
blanket you sent home is intended as a gift to
Fanny, my 150-pound St. Bernard. She
thanks you. I appreciate the delicacy which
caused you to substitute the feminine *robe de nuit*
for my pajamas. However, should you repeat this
in the future, would suggest your choosing a time when
my maiden aunt is *not* visiting my bachelor apartment.

What was that dainty little article of lace and ruffles which
accompanied my last week's wash? Please send printed list,
as I wish to be up in these matters and to be able to point them
out to my friends.

R. E. I.



A PERILOUS CROSSING.

When ill-luck falls to his share, a man who has never been outside his
own town will declare that the whole world is against him.

PUCK

THE BANQUET.

AS REPORTED TO THE PUBLIC AND AS TOLD IN THE OFFICE.

I.

As Reported to the Public.



YONKVILLE'S wittiest and cleverest people combined to do honor last night to the distinguished guest of the city, Hon. Charles E. Jenkins, at a banquet held in the dining-room of the Yonkville House. From the moment that the waiters placed the oyster cocktail at each place to the brilliant peroration of the last speaker the affair was a feast, first of delicious viands, and afterward of epigram, wit, and oratory.

The *ménu* was elaborate, the service perfect; the cut glass, silver, and snowy napery gleamed under the diffused radiance of the electric lights, and the scene was rendered still more attractive by the flower at each plate and the interwoven flags that partially hid the ceiling.

Mayor Brown acted as toastmaster, and proved amply equal to the amenities of the position. He was ebullient with facile jest and delightful pleasantry, having a *bon mot* for every guest and a story to fit each speaker as he was introduced.

Space forbids a detailed chronicle of the toasts, now glowing with gentle humor, now sparkling like the effervescent champagne which bubbled in every glass, now tinged with the deeper hues of pathos or flaming with the fires of oratorical splendor; but the summation of it all is found in the statement that the banquet was a typical Yonkville success.

II.

As Told in the Newsroom.

"Gimme a cigarette, Martin, I'm all in. The old man sent me to cover a big feed at the Yonkville House, given for Charlie Jenkins. Good fellow, Jenkins, but the hosts were the same old bunch



FROM HEATHEN TO CHRISTIAN.

SHADE OF DEPARTED CHINK.—Melican gallee lookee velly finee in one-time Chinamanee's hair!

of frowsy wits that always give banquets in this man's town.

"Say, they told the stories they've all been telling at every banquet for the past ten years, and it was n't enough for Brown, our worthy mayor—of course they had him for funeral director—it was n't enough for him to stop with the list of mopes on the programme,

Friends.

Our friends are three:
First, those we cross the street to see.
Second, the people whom to meet
We really would not cross the street.
The third and last?
We cross the street when they go past!

but he called on every blooming antediluvian who had helped to pay for the feed, until even the most persistent banqueter present was praying the next man would get cramps and perish in a fit.

"Brown dug up all the ancient ones his grandfather had sprung when he presided at a banquet to Stephen A. Douglas in 1854, but they got the big laugh all right. Why should n't they? He had the whole City Hall there to make a noise like mirth.

"As for the grub—well, a flock of ostriches would have found it palatable, but to make human beings eat it was a violation of the laws against cruelty to animals. Still, most of the crowd had cut out two previous meals so's to get their money's worth, and they ate as though it actually tasted good. Nobody dead yet.

"That crowd of senile nonogenarians they call waiters only spilled soup on half the guests, and, for fully a third of the time they filled the glasses without running them over on the cotton tablecloth. They had Rhine wine and seltzer instead of champagne, but nobody knew the difference.

"Decorations? Same they had in 1889—they never have taken them down. The flowers must have cost 'em all of ten cents the dozen. And when it came to the speeches—Colonel, I've sat through three-hour sermons and never yawned, but only a speedometer could have kept tab on the number of my yawns when the speechmaking began to-night.

"Now I've got to write a merry little bit of falsehood in which I say it was a great affair. But if you ever have the choice of going to a jail or a banquet, take jail. I know."

Berton Braley.

KIND.

TATTERED TERRY.—There goes a kind man. The last time I went to him I did n't have a cent, and he gave me all he could.

WEARY WALTER.—What was that?

TATTERED TERRY.—Thirty days.

HIS VIEW.

TAILOR.—Sir, I have made clothes for some of the best houses.

CUSTOMER.—Maybe they will fit a house. They certainly won't fit a man.

HELD AT THE BLOCK.



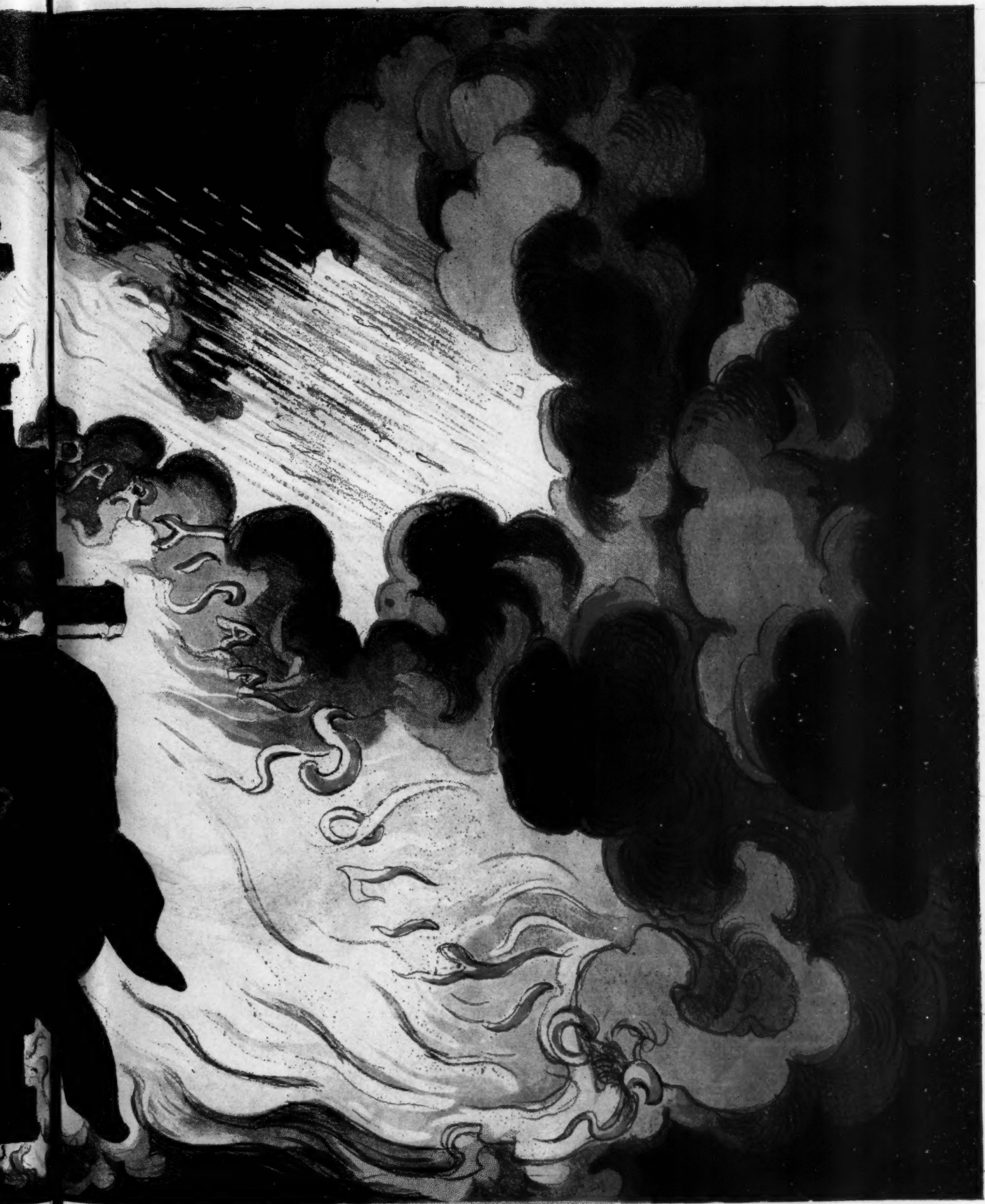


THE PUCK PRESS

"LOOK NOT BEHIND THEE."

LOT ROOSEVELT AND THE POLITICAL SODOM AND GOMORRAH

PUCK



PUCK

MANUAL OF POLITE CONVERSATION.

THE SUBWAY-CONDUCTOR AND THE PASSENGER.

CONDUCTOR.—You will, I trust, pardon my indiscretion in requesting you to delay your entrance into the car until the outgoing passengers had left?

PASSENGER.—I fully appreciate your interest which, I may say without fulsome flattery, is very unusual.

C.—You will also, I beg of you, banish into the limbo of oblivion the fact that I was under the necessity of asking you to hasten your footsteps by the use of two words which I abhor.

P.—I deeply sympathize with you in the cares which beset you, and especially in the enforced usage of the words you have a delicacy of mentioning, "Step lively!" Am I right?

C.—Quite so. I find myself brooding over them.

P.—I do not blame you.

C.—Pardon me, sir, I must now announce a station and control the mob.

P.—I note with a chastened feeling of admiration that you blushed as you said "Step lively!" It is an emotion which does you infinite credit. I am proud, sir, to be allowed to stand on this platform by your side.

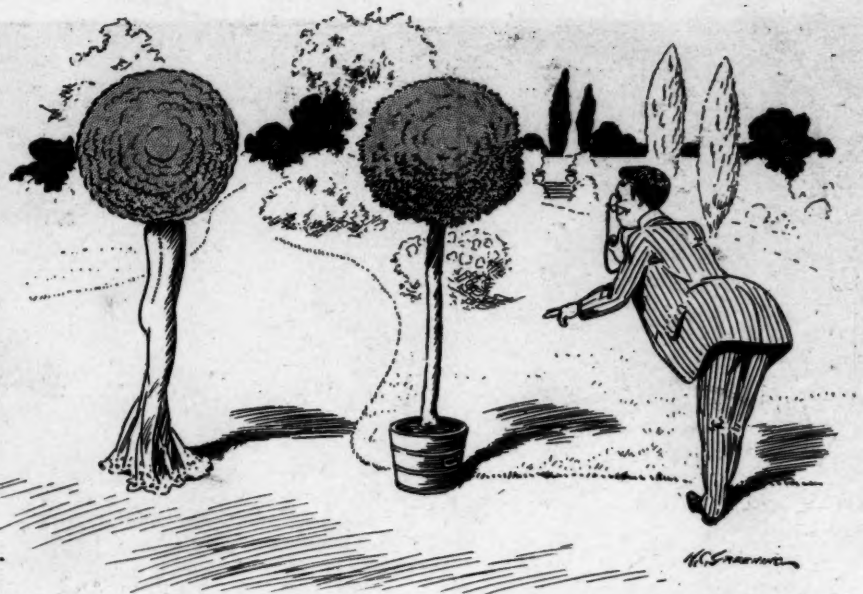
C.—Thank you. My duty is, however, to command you to compress yourself into a space meant for a dwarfed sardine, or, as an alternative, to suspend you by your eyebrows from the one-third share of a strap.

P.—Sir, that is an indignity which I have no desire to experience, and least of all at your hands. When I saw you my intuition told me that here was a man of resolute will whom I could trust. I should regret to find my confidence so sadly misplaced.

C.—It ill becomes me to question the motive of those flattering remarks which I feel I ought to assure you are not entirely without meaning to my somewhat obtuse mentality.

P.—Then I take it for granted that my presence upon the platform is not incommoding you in the exercise of your duties?

C.—That may be or may not be, but as a precaution it might be as well for you to remove yourself out of harm's way. The incoming crowd has been known to crush to atoms any human obstacle



AN EXCUSABLE ERROR.

"WON'T YOU COME IN AND MAKE UP A SET AT BRIDGE, MISS BONGTONG?"

in their path. I must therefore beseech you to seek safety within the well-lighted and delightfully-heated car.

P.—And leave you out in the cold, shunned by the common herd? Perish the thought! I am not so selfish as to grant to myself luxuries which a wealthy company denies to one of its servants. You will therefore pardon me if I choose to wait here and share your lot.

C.—Sir, while I cannot but admire the stand you take, pray consider the effect upon the morals of the crowd—not so considerate as you are—who use these cars.

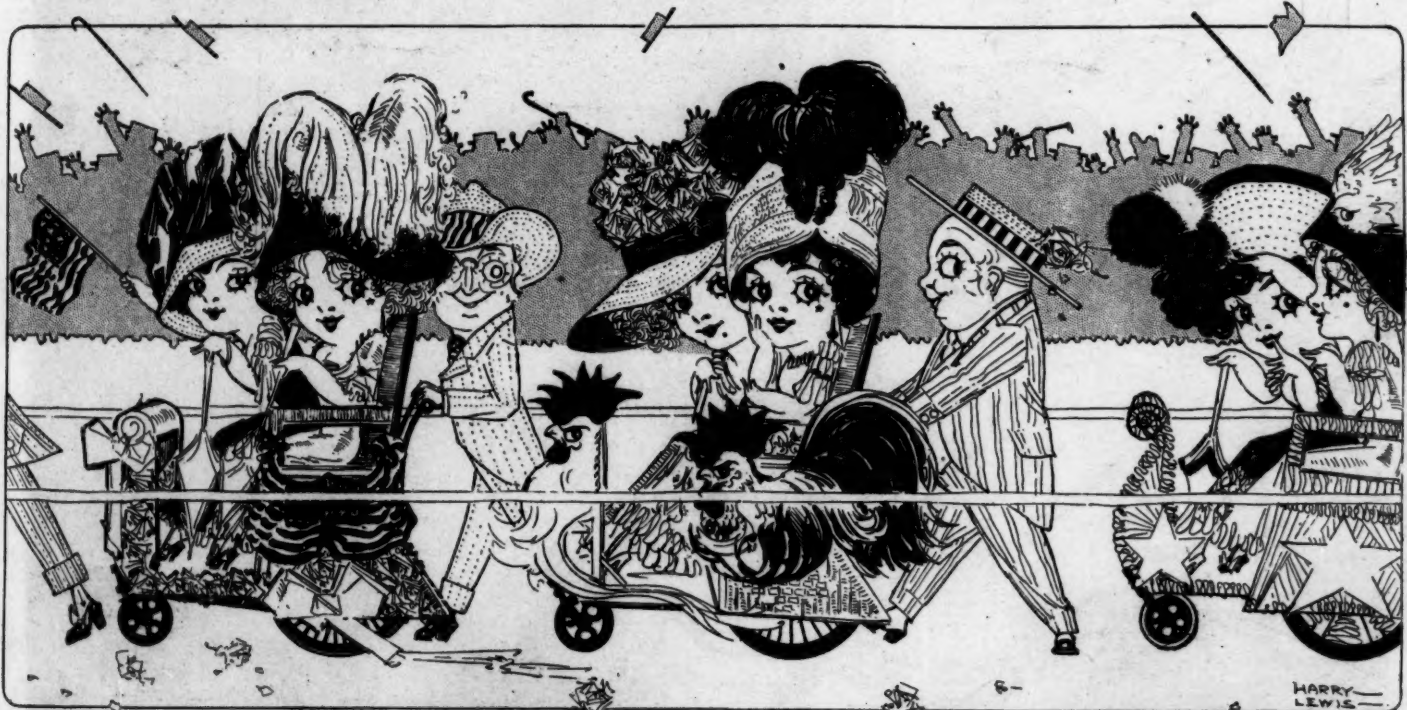
P.—You are right. But see, we are stopping. Do not let me deter you from your kindly offices.

C.—I thank you for the opportunity you gave me of crowding in fifty-eight more people.

P.—Not at all. Meanwhile let me compliment you on the deft manner in which you snipped off the finger of a wretched Italian with your gate. You perhaps practice surgery in your spare time?



AT THE END OF HIS ROPE.



WHY DOES N'T SOME SUMMER RESORT HOLD THIS SORT OF A BABY PARADE?

PUCK

FOR
A
DEPARTMENT
STORE
RESTAURANT



C.—Alas, no! What you beheld was an inevitable accident, such as I constantly have to witness. But pray do not stand in the draught. I am seriously concerned about your health.

P.—Do not irritate your busy mind with such a trifle. Rather should I be taking you to task for the seemingly reckless manner in which you play with your constitution. I trust you are well wrapped up and wear a warm waistcoat?

C.—Please do not concern yourself with my constitution. If it will afford you any satisfaction I now inform you that I am clothed to withstand the iciest stare. But, my dear sir, I smell an excessively strong odor of tobacco. Can it be that you are smoking?

P.—It is useless to conceal the fact from you. I am.

C.—Sir, what can I say to you? You are committing an offense which is positively heinous in the

eyes of the company whose servant I am. Pray allow me to extinguish and cast away your cigar. As for myself, it is a matter which I might pass over were I a free agent.

P.—In my short acquaintance I have conceived a certain respect for your opinions. Tell me, is it absolutely necessary that I cast away my cigar?

C.—I should be doing my integrity an injustice were I to reply other than in the affirmative. Allow me to place it out with the car. Might I not now prevail upon you to pack yourself within? See there is yet six cubic inches of space. Let me assist you.

P.—I would not trespass on your kindness. Though, to be sure, I take the goodwill for granted and appreciate it at its true worth. Do not let me interrupt your duties.

C.—You must by now realize the enormous importance of my being alone on the platform.

P.—I do, indeed, and I thank you for the privilege of

Musical Program.

WEDDING MARCH, "Midsummer Night's Dream," *Mendelssohn*
Latest Parisian Importations in Trousseau.
Ladies' Underwear Dept. 2nd Floor.

SELECTION, "The Geisha" *Jones*
Beautiful Japanese Kimonos,
Centre Aisle, 1st Floor.

SONG, "Good-by, Little Girl, Good-by" *Edwards*
The Best \$5.00 Suit-case in America.
Trunk Dept. Basement.

"HUMORESQUE" *Dvorak*
Mark Twain's Complete Works, \$12.98.
Book Dept.

"DANCE OF THE HOURS," from "La Gioconda" ... *Ponchielli*
Nuremberg Clocks. Just arrived.
Jewelry Dept. 1st Floor.

"SPRING SONG" *Mendelssohn*
Exhibition of Latest Parisian Millinery.
3rd Floor.

SELECTION, "The Strollers" *Engländer*
Pedestrian Shoes, \$3.50.
Shoe Dept. 5th Floor.

MARCH from "Carmen" *Bizet*
Complete line of Uniforms for Motormen and Conductors.
Clothing Dept. 4th Floor.



beholding with my own eyes how thoroughly and efficiently you carry out your duties.

If at any time I can testify on your behalf I shall be only too delighted to do so.

C.—That is highly considerate of you, and I shall remember to call on you to appear at my annual trial.

P.—If I am at liberty, you may rely upon my hastening to reply to your summons.

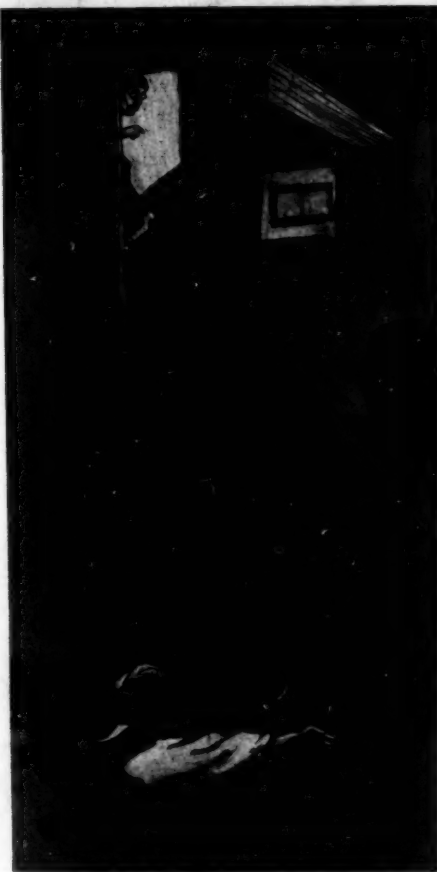
C.—Thank you, sir.

P.—It may be a not altogether unpleasant task for you to tell me what you think of during your daily stay underground. Might I beg you to give me some clue to your thoughts?

C.—Sir, you flatter me. Perhaps I was wrong in asking you to remove yourself out of harm's way. Still, your evident interest in my doings has touched a chord hitherto dumb.

P.—My poor fellow! My poor fellow!

(Continued on Page 13.)



SOME PRIVILEGES LEFT.

MRS. HENPECK.—You, Charles, what's that noise down there?

MR. HENPECK.—I trust, my dear, that I may fall down the cellar stairs if I wish to?



A Smile of Appreciation
is found on the face of the man who drinks Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer.

He appreciates the great care and special effort on the part of Pabst to make every drop uniformly good. He likes the smoothness—enjoys the delicate flavor so distinctive of

Pabst Blue Ribbon

The Beer of Quality

Low in alcohol—high in food value—and **pure** food value at that.

If you would appreciate the fullest meaning of the words "Beer Quality," try Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Made and Bottled Only by Pabst at Milwaukee.

You will find Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer everywhere—served on Dining Cars, Steamships, in all Clubs, Cafes and Hotels.

Order a Case Today From Your Dealer.

Pabst Brewing Company
Milwaukee, Wis.





Those who are not smoking enjoy yours.

CAMBRIDGE 25c
in boxes of ten
AMBASSADOR the after-dinner size 35c

Philip Morris
ORIGINAL LONDON
Cigarettes

IMPRISONMENT PREFERRED.

"Judge," said the prisoner, "I would like to ask a few questions before I enter my plea."

"You have the Court's permission," said the Judge.

"If I go on trial," said the prisoner, "do I have to sit here and listen to the hypothetical questions asked by the lawyers?"

"Certainly," said the Judge.

"And hear all the handwriting experts?"

"Of course."

"And follow the reasonings of the chemistry and insanity experts?"

"Very probably," said the Judge.

"Well then, Judge, I will enter my plea."

"What is it?" asked the Judge.

"Guilty!" — *Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

POETRY INTERPRETED.

WILLY.—Why is it the shades of night are falling fast?

NILLY.—Because the girls inside are going to bed. — *Yale Record.*

FIRST STUDENT.—What makes that red spot on your nose?

SECOND STUDENT.—Glasses.

FIRST STUDENT.—Glasses of what?

— *Purple Cow.*

THE MISCHIEVOUS WAITER.
A TOOTHPICK STORY IN THREE PICTURES.



The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash of Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

SAFE.

"Hullo, Billie!" said the freshman to a classmate, who was whistling blithely as he walked along. "Whither away?"

"I'm going up to Dr. Cuttem's to be examined for appendicitis," said the other.

"Geerusalem! You don't seem to be very much worried about it," said the first.

"Oh no," smiled Billie. "There won't be anything doing. I've never been able to pass an examination the first time in all my fair young life." — *Harper's Weekly.*

Dr. Lange announces that he can transmute base metal into silver. This is the final blow to Mr. Bryan. — *Chicago Evening Post.*

WHERE SHE CAUGHT IT.

"What's the matter with you this morning, Delia?" asked Mrs. Wise.

"Oh ma'am," replied the servant-girl, "'tis the terrible earache I have this mornin'."

"Ah! You should be careful, Delia. All the keyholes in this house are very drafty."

— *Catholic Standard and Times.*

A BACHELOR'S FEAR.

"I would n't trust myself in India," said the unmarried man.

"Afraid of wild beasts?" asked the Benedict.

"Not a bit; but I see there are 26,000,000 widows in India!" — *Yonkers Statesman.*

White Rock

American Water for
American People

(Continued from Page 11.)

C.—Thank you, good sir! My thoughts, in spite of the prevailing gloom here, are not without sparkles of brightness. Sometimes I wonder how many persons I could pack into my car were I to build them in layers, or if I were to have hooks every two inches along the roof and suspend the men by their coat-collars. But in that case the delay in hooking and unhooking them is rather a drawback. Then again I try to figure out the idea of a hydraulic compressor, but that I fear is too farfetched.

P.—I deeply sympathize with you in your inability to use that. Perhaps later on—

C.—Sh! I have already mentioned the idea at headquarters, and I understand it is receiving favorable consideration. Sometimes, too, I seem to see myself scooping up the waiting passengers and dumping them out, on the principle of the mail-bag-catcher system. Anything to still further reduce the present time expended in stoppages. But alas! Alas!

P.—I see that your feelings are overcoming you. Let me support your faltering frame. Come, my good friend, we are approaching a station.

I. W. HARPER

KENTUCKY WHISKEY

"The kind your grandfather used."

STILL THE "BEST."

BERNHelm DISTILLING CO., INCORPORATED
LOUISVILLE.



11.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that
Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your
getting the very best.

C.—It is indeed fortunate that I permitted you to stand beside me. Yet even now something tells me that there is at least five cubic inches of space within. Please leave me to my sorrows and seek comfort within the car.

P.—Noble-hearted conductor! Nameless hero! I cannot leave you at this hour! Here I stay by your side!

C.—Might I direct your attention to the beauty of the landscape?

P.—Ah, true! Still, I cannot remove my eye from you. You alone have the seeing eye to paint those grimy walls with the glowing color of imagination.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes for tired, aching feet. Makes walking easy. Always use it for breaking in new shoes. "In a Pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease." Sold everywhere, 25c. Do not accept a substitute.

This signature

Allen's Foot-Ease

on every box.

Learn for yourself why over 30,000 people have written praises of Allen's FOOT-EASE. For FREE Trial Package, address ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

Club Cocktails

A
Bottled
Delight

Simply strain
through cracked ice,
and serve.



The unexpected guest never finds you unprepared

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular. At all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

Hartford New York London

C.—You will pardon me if I now appear to lay a sacrilegious hand upon your shoulder. My intuition tells me that an inspector is within the car.

P.—Then you will in turn pardon me if I seem to resist you. Do not, however, let me harm you in any way. I respect you more than you imagine.

C.—Now sir, excuse me if I inform you that I have begged you several times to leave this platform.

P.—I am perfectly prepared to resist you and plead ignorance of the by-laws, but I am inclined to resent any attempt at brutality.

C.—Alas! I have no alternative. Permit me to remove you forcibly.

P.—I shall be constrained to lose my temper, though in a perfectly amicable fashion.

C.—Forgive me throwing you down. I must also inform you that this is Ninetieth Street.

P.—Dear me! I forgive you! My mind is more concerned with the

ELGIN WATCHES ON CREDIT

17 Jewel Elgin—Our Great Special \$13.75
Sent Anywhere on FREE TRIAL

Guaranteed to keep accurate time. Fitted in double stock gold-filled case, any style engraving, warranted 20 years. You do not pay one cent until you have seen and examined this High-Grade 17-Jewel Elgin Watch, in any style hand-engraved case, right in your own home. Let us send it to you, all charges prepaid. If it suits you, we will accept your order. We trust every honest person.

Pay Only \$1.50 a Month No matter how far away you live, or how small your salary or income, we will trust you for a high-grade Elgin Watch, in gold case, warranted for 25 years, and guaranteed to pass any Railroad inspection. Write for our big free Watch and Diamond Catalog, it tells all about our Easy Payment Plan and how we send Elgin 15-Jewel B.W. Raymond and 21 and 25 Jewel Elgin Veritas; also Waltham Watches, 15, 21, and 25 Jewel, 16 and 18 sizes, anywhere without security or one cent deposit. Send today for the Little Magazine, Free



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BROS. & CO. Branches: Pittsburg, Pa., St. Louis, Mo.



111.

—Lustige Woche.

CARONI BITTERS—The aristocrat of the trade. The best tonic and cocktail Bitters. Oct. C. Blache & Co., N. Y., Gen'l Distr.

ARTISTS' Studies, ideal, beautiful, and elegant. Largest collection in the world (20,000 numbers). Catalog of 2,000 Miniatures and 40 samples 15 cents—stamps. Selections 25 cents, 50 cents, \$1.25 and \$2.50. O. Schladitz & Co., Berlin W. 57/XI, Germany.

fact that I am twenty blocks past my destination. I fear I must temporarily cut short our pleasant association. You will pardon my departure.

C.—I am sorry to have to give you into custody after our pleasant conversation, but my duty impels me to do so. When you are at liberty, be sure and attend my annual trial. Good-night, sir! R. W. Snedden.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—



SPEAKING OF SUMMER,

Now is the time for summer fun.
Now is likewise the time for:—

- The Manless-Summer-Hotel Joke.
- The Fool-Who-Rocks-the-Boat Joke.
- The Boarding-House-Grub Joke.
- The Rainy-Day-Picnic Joke.
- The Tramp-A-fraid-of-Work Joke.
- The Actors-Walking-Home Joke.
- The Man-Under-Busted-Auto Joke.
- The Big-Girl-Small-Bathing-Suit Joke.
- The Coon-and-Watermelon Joke.

Not to mention a number of other jokes equally aged and decrepit. All of these jokes PUCK has honorably retired in recognition of their long years of faithful service. Oh, to be

A WATERMAN IDEAL FOR VACATION.

Few people think, before they leave home for a tour or vacation, that they will need to write home; but nevertheless when one is away and happy there is a great incentive to write to one's friends in order to impart some of that happiness to them. The thoughtless usually, when they think of writing, are brought face to face with a stubby lead pencil and find they have forgotten to take with them a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen. If they have brought along common pens and a bottle of ink the chances are that the bottle is broken, ruining gowns and other clothing. At any rate it is a very inconvenient receptacle to carry out on the lawn or other places where one might wish to write. The thoughtful always take a Waterman's Ideal along. This pen may be carried in the pocket with the Clip-Cap attached, which prevents the pen from falling from the pocket and holds it always safely in the proper position, ready for immediate use. There is always a Waterman's Ideal Safety Pen, which may be stowed away in the bag or trunk with perfect safety, filled with ink. No matter which way the trunk or bag is turned, or thrown, there is no danger whatever of the pen spilling ink. This pen is designed particularly for the use of traveling people.

sure, people like old favorites, but they don't object to new stuff that's good stuff, if they can get it. They can get it every week in PUCK.

A reader away out in Corwin Springs, Montana, asks us for information. He writes:

"Firm in the conviction that PUCK is the most original, fearless, and independent journal in America, I have always been curious to know just what process an idea must necessarily be subjected to before it finally makes its appearance in the pages of PUCK."

Replying, "we beg to state" that there is no formal process. Is an idea or a viewpoint new, or new to the best of our knowledge and belief? Is it timely? Is it clean? If it is an idea for illustration, is there "a picture in it"? Is it suited to the artist who is to draw it? If it be an idea for a cartoon, is it unhackneyed? Is there an opportunity in it for effective color?

All these queries figure in the process, and if the result is "the most original, fearless, and independent journal in America," we are glad. But if we succeed only in getting out the **BEST HUMOROUS PAPER** in America, we shall be quite satisfied.

THE ROOSEVELT PUCK.

Our notion of considerable humor is the Roosevelt number of PUCK.—*New York Mail.*

Merrily and cheerily enough PUCK starts the Roosevelt "Welcome to our city" cry in New York. Its special offering in this connection is quite a chuckle.—*Washington Herald.*

The number is stuffed with wit and humor from every point of view of the traveler's return. If Mr. Roosevelt finds anything that puts him more in the spotlight, he will have to go far and search thoroughly.

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

PUCK is to America what *Punch* is to England.

If your newsdealer does n't handle PUCK, ask him to order it for you.



Tell Your Newsdealer
PUCK
NEXT WEEK.



WOULD N'T STAND FOR IT.

A boy who had been going to one of the public schools in Buffalo left school to go to work for a small manufacturer.

The boy was dull, and his stupidity annoyed the manufacturer greatly. After two weeks of trial the manufacturer discharged the boy at the end of the week on Saturday night.

"You're discharged," the manufacturer said. "Go and get your pay, and let that be the last of you. You're discharged."

On Monday morning the manufacturer was much surprised to see the boy in his former place at work.

"Here!" he shouted. "What are you doing in this shop? I discharged you Saturday night."

"Yes," said the boy, "and don't you do it again. When I told my mother she licked me."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

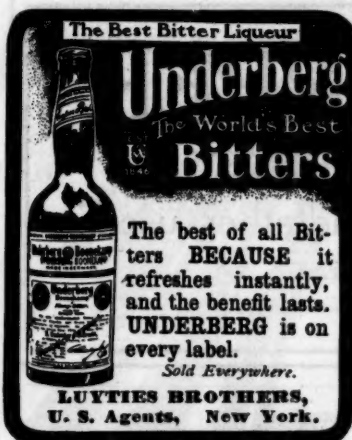
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE CHARTREUSE

has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is nowadays known as

Liqueur Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
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As THEY paddled along in a nook,
She said faintly, "Why, Algernoon look,
In that oak, I declare,—
I see mistletoe there!"

And the crew fished them out with
a hook!

—*Chaparral.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

PROPHETIC.

"And what are we to understand by the Biblical expression 'The four corners of the earth'?" asks the instructor in theology.

"Rockefeller's corner in oil, Have-meyer's corner in sugar, Carnegie's corner in steel, and Patten's corner in wheat," answers the new student. —*Saturday Evening Post.*

"I AM a poor man."
"When we are married I can learn to cook."

"Hadn't you—er—better begin practising," suggested the thrifty suitor, "while your father is yet supplying the raw material, so to speak?" —*Stray Stories.*

AUTOMOBILE PICNICS THE LATEST.

There is little need for the man who owns an automobile to worry about where he will spend his vacation. The question is how often he wants to take it. All outdoor nature seems to conspire to win his favor; pastures new and pleasure galore beckon him from all sides. And then! The delightful and exclusive picnic lunch in shady grove by babbling brook—that's the happy life made possible by the automobile. The picnic hamper is easily prepared. Broiled chicken, cold boiled lobster, lettuce leaves and mayonnaise, a piece of cheese, and Evans' Ale. The novelty of the outing and charm of the country will make the day one of cherished memory—a real and ideal touch of the simple life near nature's heart.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS PAPER WAREHOUSE,

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Is more than
soap but costs no more
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Lever Bros. Co. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



Bulletin.

ALL-STEEL SLEEPING CARS.

There are seventy-five all-steel, electric-lighted Pullman sleeping cars in active service on the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad System.

These "Dreadnaught" cars—fire-proof and break-proof—are running on the through trains between New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, St. Louis, Nashville, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Wheeling, Pittsburgh, Baltimore and Washington.

Six hundred all-steel Pullman cars have been ordered by the Pennsylvania Railroad System, and they are being delivered and placed in service at the rate of sixty cars a month.

"Dreadnaught" cars are fifty per cent. heavier and over sixty per cent. more expensive than wooden cars, but the Pennsylvania Railroad considers the increase in expense fully justified by the increase in the safety and comfort of its passengers.

Including coaches, dining cars, baggage and postal cars, there are 704 steel cars in service at present, and this number will be increased to some 2000 in all as fast as the shops can turn them out.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

CENSUS-TAKER.—What did you say your name is?

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.—R. U. Johnson.

CENSUS-TAKER.—What difference does it make whether I am Johnson or not? You've got to answer the questions I ask or get arrested. What did you say your name is?—*Somerville Journal*.

"I MET Dunkey to-day for the first time in years. He hasn't changed much."

"Oh, he has n't changed at all, but he does n't seem to realize it."

"How do you mean?"

"Oh, he's forever talking about 'what a fool he used to be.'" — *Catholic Standard and Times*.



THE CAFÉ.

A STUDY IN FACIAL EXPRESSION.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

WOULDN'T STAND FOR IT.

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"Yes," said the boy, "and don't you do it again. When I told my mother she licked me."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

THE HATTED LADY.—Luck! I don't know what it is. Why, look at the divorce—even that was a ghastly fizzle.

THE OTHER.—My dear! But you won all along the line.

THE HATTED LADY.—Oh, won, yes! But think when it came off! Just when all the beastly papers were full of nothing but the election.—*Sketch*.

Hunyadi Janos

Natural Laxative Water

Quickly Relieves:
Biliousness,
Sick Headache,
Stomach Disorders,
and

CONSTIPATION
AT ALL DRUGGISTS



Always The Same Good Old

BLATZ

MILWAUKEE

For
Home, Buffet
and Club

Expert
Selection
of the World's
Best Hops —
Choicest Malt
—Brewed and
Matured

The **BLATZ WAY**

THE FINEST BEER
EVER BREWED

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet
INSIST ON "BLATZ"

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED DIRECT

"You may tell me the names of the twelve Apostles, Sam!" said the pretty Sunday-school teacher one morning.

Sam's face fell, and he shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

"Can't do it, ma'am," he said, sorrowfully, and then his eyes brightened, "but I can call off all of the pitchers in the League teams," he volunteered. —*Harper's Magazine*.

Keep Cool!
Don't Worry!
Be Happy!

Evans' Ale

WILL SHOW YOU THE WAY

EX-SENATOR DRYDEN ISSUES A
BOOK ON LIFE INSURANCE.

A volume entitled "Addresses and Papers on Life Insurance and Other Subjects," by former United States Senator John F. Dryden, organizer and president of the Prudential Insurance Company of America, has just been issued.

President Dryden first successfully introduced and operated industrial life insurance in the United States, and his new book contains much information concerning "life insurance for the masses."

The author tells of the new system of life insurance introduced by the Prudential, by which the payment of life insurance money through the medium of monthly income checks is divided over the entire lifetime of the widow or other dependents rather than by paying it in one sum directly at the death of the insured. Mr. Dryden believes that this method is directly in line with the American ideal of the highest possible degree of economic independence in old age.



AND THE DOG WASN'T AFTER HIM AT ALL!

